MERRIMACK MAGAZINE AND LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

"REPLETE WITH EV'RY CHARM T' IMPROVE THE HEART,
"TO SOOTHE LIFE'S SORROWS, AND ITS JOYS IMPART."

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Miscellaneous Selections.

THE STRENGTH OF PARENTAL AFFECTION.

I WENT the other day to visit Eliza, who in the perfect bloom of beauty, is the mother of several children. She had a little prating girl upon her lap who was begging to be very fine, that she might go abroad; and the indulgent mother, at her little daughter's request, had just taken the knots off her own head to adorn the hair of the pretty trifler. A smiling boy was at the same time caressing a lap dog, which is their mother's favourite, because it pleases the children; and she, with a delight in her looks, which heightened her beauty, so divided her conversation with the two pretty prattlers, as to make them both equally cheerful.

As I came in she said with a blush, 'Mr. Ironside, though you are an old bachelor, you must not laugh at my tenderness to my children.' I need not tell my reader what civil things I said in answer to the lady, whose matron-like behaviour gave me infinite satisfaction: since I myself take great pleasure in playing with children and am seldom unprovided of plums or marbles to make my court to such entertaining companions.

Whence is it, said I to myself when I was alone, that the affection of parents is so intense to their offspring? Is it because they generally find such resemblances in what they have produced, as that thereby they think themselves renewed in their children, and are willing to transmit themselves to future times? or is it because they think themselves obliged by the dictates of humanity, to nourish and rear what is placed so immediately under their protection; and what by their means is brought into this world, the scene of misery, of necessity? These will not come up to it? Is it not rather the good providence of that Being, who in a supereminent degree protects and cherishes the whole race of mankind, his sons and creatures? How shall we, any other way, account for this natural affection, so signally displayed throughout every species of the animal creation, without which the course of nature would quickly fail, and every various kind be extinct? Instances of tenderness in the most savage brutes are so frequent, that quotations of that kind are altogether unnecessary.

If we, who have no particular concern in them, take a secret delight in observing the gentle dawn of reason in babes; if our ears are soothed with their half-formed and inarticulate sounds; if we are charmed with their pretty mimickry, and surprized at the unexpected starts of wit and cunning in these miniatures of man: what transport may we imagine in the breasts of those into whom natural instinct hath poured tenderness and fondness for them! how amiable is such a weakness of human nature! or rather, how great a weakness is it to give humanity so reproachful a name! The bare consideration of paternal affection should, methinks, create a more grateful tenderness in children towards their parents, than we generally see; and the silent whispers of nature be attended to, though the laws of God and man did not call aloud.

These silent whispers of nature have had a marvellous power, even when their cause hath been unknown. There are several examples in story of tender friendships formed betwixt men who know not of their near relation: Such accounts confirm me in an opinion I have long entertained, that there is a sympathy betwixt souls, which cannot be explained by the prejudice of education, the sense of duty, or any other human motive.

The memoirs of a certain French nobleman, which now lie before me, furnish me with a very entertaining instance of this secret attraction, implanted by providence in the human soul. It will be necessary to inform the reader that the person, whose story I am going to relate, was one whose roving and romantic temper, joined to a disposition singularly amorous, had led him through a vast variety of gallantries and amours. He had in his youth, attended a Princess of France into Poland, where he had been entertained by the king her husband, and married the daughter of a grandee. Upon her death he returned into his native country: where his intrigues and other misfortunes having consumed his paternal estate, he now went to take care of the fortune his deceased wife had left him in Poland. In his journey he was robbed before he reached Warsaw, and lay ill of a fever, when he met with the following adventure; which I shall relate in his own words.

"I had been in this condition for four days, when the countess of Venoski passed that way. She was informed that a stranger of good fashion lay sick, and her charity led her to see me, I remembered her, for I had often seen her with my wife, to whom she was nearly related; but when I found she knew me not, I thought fit to conceal my name. I told her I was a German; that I had been robbed; and that if she had the charity to send me to Warsaw, the Queen would acknowledge it; I having the honour to be known to her Majesty. The countess had the goodness to take compassion of me, and ordering me to be put in a litter, carried me to Warsaw, where I was lodged in her house until my health should allow me to wait on the Queen.

"My fever increased after my journey was over, and I was confined to my bed for fifteen days. When the countess first saw me, she had a young lady with her, about eighteen years of age, who was much taller and better shaped than the Polish women generally are. She was very fair, her skin exceedingly fine, and her air and shape inexpressibly beautiful. I was not so sick as to overlook this young beauty; and I felt in my heart such emotions at the first view, as made me fear that all my misfortunes had not armed me sufficiently against the charms of the fair sex.

"The amiable creature seemed afflicted at my sickness; and she appeared to have so much concern and care for me, as raised in me a great inclination and tenderness for her. She came every day into my chamber to enquire after my health; I asked who she was, and I was answered that

ſhe was niece to the counteſs of Venoſki.

"I verily believe that the conſtant ſight of this charming maid, and the pleaſure I received from her careful attendance, contributed more to my recovery than all the medicines the phyſicians gave me. In ſhort my fever left me; and I had the ſatisfaction to ſee the lovely creature overjoyed at my recovery. She came to ſee me oftener as I grew better; and I already felt a ſtronger and more tender affection for her, than I ever bore to any woman in my life; when I began to perceive that her conſtant care of me was only a blind to give her an opportunity of ſeeing a young Pole whom I took to be her lover. He ſeemed to be much about her age, of a brown complexion, very tall, but finely ſhaped. Every time ſhe came to ſee me, the young gentleman came to find her out; and they uſually retired to a corner of the chamber, where they ſeemed to converſe with great earneſtneſs. The aſpect of the youth pleaſed me wonderfully; and if I had not ſuſpected that he was my rival, I ſhould have taken delight in his perſon and friendſhip.

"They both of them often aſked me if I were in reality a German; which when I continued to affirm, they ſeemed very much troubled. One day I took notice that the young lady and gentleman, having retired to a window, were very intent upon a picture; and that every now and then they caſt their eyes upon me, as if they had found ſome reſemblance betwixt that and my features. I could not forbear to aſk the meaning of it; upon which the lady anſwered that if I had been a Frenchman, ſhe ſhould have imagined that I was the perſon for whom the picture was drawn, becauſe it ſo exactly reſembled me. I deſired to ſee it. But how great was my ſurpriſe when I found it to be the very painting, which I had ſent to the Queen five years before, and which ſhe commanded me to get drawn to be given to my children. After I had viewed the piece, I caſt my eyes upon the young lady, and then upon the gentleman I had thought to be her lover. My heart beat, and I felt a ſecret emotion which filled me with wonder. I thought I traced in the two young perſons ſome of my own features, and at that moment I ſaid to myſelf, Are not theſe my children? The tears came into my eyes, and I was about to run and embrace them; but conſtraining myſelf with pain, I aſked whoſe picture it was? The maid, perceiving that I could not ſpeak without tears, fell a weeping. Her tears abſolutely confirmed me in my opinion, and falling upon her neck, 'Ah, my dear child,' ſaid I, 'yes, I am your father.' I could ſay no more. The youth ſeized my hands at the ſame time, and kiſſing, bathed them with tears. Throughout my life, I never felt a joy equal to this; and it muſt be owned, that nature inſpires more lively motions and pleaſing tenderneſs than the paſſions can poſſibly excite."

ON SLANDER.

"There is a luſt in man no charm can tame,
"Of loudly publiſhing his neighbour's ſhame:
"On eagles' wings immortal ſcandals fly,
"While virtuous actions are but born—and die."

TO ſolicit the attention of the public to a ſubject, on which the moſt able moral writers have exerted their abilities, may appear highly unneceſſary, conſidering the little advantage that has hitherto ariſen from their labours. But the prevalence of a vice, which rends aſunder the tendereſt lineaments of private friendſhips, that neighbourly love, a command of God, as a ſolace to man, demands the energy of the good, to check its deleterious breath. To delineate the evils, originating from this impure fountain, is but to depicture what the eyes of all behold in the animoſities of their own circle of acquaintance. It is with too much juſtice obſerved, by an author now forgotten, that in every ſociety there is a voluntary tale-bearer, "ever on the wing," to conſign the faireſt reputations to contempt, by malicious and unprovoked inſinuations.

Mankind have inclined to view ſcandal more within the province of the female ſex, while chatting round the tea table, than as proceeding from the other, whoſe nature was ſuppoſed to be too noble and dignified to deſcend ſo far below what ought to be their mutual pride. Whether this opinion has ever been juſt, is not the object of the preſent eſſay; but from what little experience I have had, it is with ſorrow declared, that he who ſtyles himſelf the lord of the creation, is no leſs eager to catch its venomed arrow, and with his manly, bnewed arm, ſtretch his bow and pierce the boſom of unheeding innocence. The depravity of human nature is an hackneyed obſervation, current in every mouth, without the leaſt anxiety for their own, or others' reformation; wherein could more beneficial effects be produced, towards a return to primeval ſimplicity and virtue, as for ſociety to neglect theſe propagators of ſcandal, and mark them as objects of deteſtation. The infected ſnake, winds himſelf concealed under his covert graſs, until he ſtings the unſuſpicious object of his deſtruction, when man deſtroys him, as "the enemy of man." But the more poiſoned tongue of the defamer, is cherished as "a ſweet morſel under the tongue," careſſed as the enlivener of the private circle, and a ſovereign antidote againſt ſplenetic gloom. Vague are our hopes that thoſe halcyon days ſhall return, when men ſhall "love their neighbours as themſelves," with ſuch partiality for this character by ſociety, and while the human heart exults in the miſfortunes of others and repines at their proſperity.

From theſe general obſervations, let us turn our view to its practical progreſs in a neighbourhood. At ſome accidental meeting of ſuppoſed friends, guarded prudence and ſtern wiſdom are thrown off, to admit the "jocund ſong, or merry tale," as a relaxation from the more arduous concerns of life; ſome trifling obſervation occurs, without ſerious reflection or idea of its exiſtence, longer than the ſound by which it was conveyed; when lo, among them ſtands this voluntary tale bearer, with open ear and haggard eye, watching every word and action, wherewith to ſtore his budget of "miſchief and lies:" and often, what in itſelf, could excite no uneaſineſs, with his diſtorted and exaggerated repreſentation, diſſevers long and endearing friendſhip. I have paſſed an evening in a numerous company of ladies and gentlemen, where appeared the moſt cordial and friendly intercourſe, when gaiety and good nature ſeemed to have erected their empire; when on the very morning enſuing, I have heard reſounding throughout the neighbourhood, from half heard and half underſtood remarks, relations of the converſation in which I have been perſonally engaged, that totters reaſon to believe ſo much malice, ſo much infernal baſeneſs, could poſſibly exiſt in the breaſt of man. Ardent indeed muſt be the love of ſcandal in that mind, and brittle the thread, that unites its ties and friendſhips, who can hear and believe this "paſſing tale," without one faint enquiry, are theſe things true? How much more noble, more conſiſtent with the principles of religion, our ſureſt guide, to poſtpone belief, to ſuſpend inveteracy riſing to hate, while we have traced this peſtilential vapor to its origin! What happy ſenſations will fill the good man's breaſt, when on examination, he diſcovers, that all his fears were roufed by illnature, envy, and malice. [*Maſſ. Spy.*

FEMALE EDUCATION.

IF women are to be eſteemed our *enemies*, methinks it is an ignoble cowardice to diſarm them, and not allow them the ſame weapons we uſe ourſelves; but, if they deſerve the title of *our friends*, it is inhuman tyranny to debar them the advantages of an ingenious education, which would alſo render their friendſhips more delightful to themſelves and us.

Nature is ſeldom obſerved to be niggardly of her choiceſt gifts to that ſex, their ſenſe is generally as quick as ours, their reaſon as nervous, their judgment as mature and ſolid. Add but to theſe natural perfections the advantages of acquired learning, what polite and charming creatures will they prove, whilſt their external beauty does the office of a cryſtal to the lamp, not ſhrouding but diſcloſing their brighter intellects! Nor need we fear to loſe our empire over them by thus improving their native abilities; ſince, where there is moſt learning, ſenſe, and knowledge, there is obſerved to be the greateſt modeſty and rectitude of manners. I ſee no reaſon therefore, why we ſhould make ſuch bugbears of women, as not to truſt them with as *liberal education* as ourſelves.

Amuſement.

IN Dr. GREGORY'S charming little work, "A Father's Legacy to his Daughters," is an obſervation well worth the *preſent* attention of the faſhionable fair:—"The fineſt boſom in nature (ſays he) is not ſo fine as that which *imagination* forms." It is needleſs to make the application.

"MADAM," ſaid a Gentleman to a Lady of faſhion at Brighton, on ſeeing the portrait of a youth who had died for love of her, ſuſpended from her neck, "I am concerned to ſee my old friend *hung in chains* at the place of his *execution*." [*London paper.*

A CERTAIN Judge rather elated with the *juice of the grape*, entered a barber's ſhop a few weeks ſince, to get *ſhaved*. After the buſineſs was accompliſhed he tendered the barber ſix pence for his labour, who took it and returned threepence change! But how is this (exclaimed his honor) you have always charged me *ſix pence* for ſhaving, and here you have charged but *three pence*! True, replied the barber, but you was now *half ſhaved* when you came in!!

Original Communications.

For the LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

The Seasons of the Year---No. II.

SUMMER.

Now the hot Sun, with fierce and flaming ray,
Beams forth in Summer's *hot and fultry day;*
Now thunder rolls, and vivid lightning flies,
From eaft to weft through all the mazy fkies.

HOW beautiful and how gay appears the face of the once dreary wilderneſs, but now the cultivated field, in the ſeaſon of SUMMER. The fruits of the huſbandman's toil which he executed in the Spring, are now coming to perfection; and although the fervid rays of the ſun appear to bid the vegetables drop for a ſhort time in the heat of the day, yet a refreſhing ſhower raiſes their drooping heads, and makes them appear with ſtill more pleaſing luſtre; and when the ſun reclines beneath the horizon, the ploughman returns from the toils of the day, to enjoy his ſweet repoſe. Then how charming and how delightful are the ſhady walks! How happy then is he who can withdraw himſelf from the noiſe and buſtle of a buſy world, to meditate beide the ſilver purling ſtream, and beneath the ſhady groves; for here he can place his thoughts on the pleaſing things which preſent themſelves to his view, and take the moſt unſullied pleaſure therein; a life like this, is ſurely the moſt independent a perſon can poſſibly enjoy: for this, how often have patriots and ſtatemen laid aſide the burdens of power, and ſtole away from the glare of grandeur, to enjoy themſelves in the blooming walks and flowery lawns, ſurrounded with dewy landſcapes; and now many worthy perſonages, after their toil for the public good, have found a welcome retreat in the downy lap of a country life, and there ſpent their days beneath the venerable oak, and ſolemn grove, that whiſpers to the quivering gale: how have they devoted the day to ſtudy, and reſigned a vacant hour to healthy exerciſe, beneath the waving arch of the ſtately elm, and there ſpent their time without the leaſt interruption. Then how ought the inhabitants of theſe rural and delightful retreats to rejoice, to ſee the fields almoſt ready for harveſt, and to praiſe their Creator for what they have received—to ſing forth the praiſe of Him, who ſtill ſuffers them to ſit under their own vine and fig-tree, having none to moleſt or make them afraid.

The ſun reclines his weary head,
Beneath the weſtern ſkies;
No more ſhall we behold his face,
'Till in the eaſt he riſe:
The lab'rer then, unto his toils,
With pleaſure doth repair,
And makes the flocks and fruitful fields,
The objects of his care.

DAMON.

For the LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

SENTIMENTAL EFFUSION.

AH, what are other beauties unto me; thoſe artful walks, or ſilver ſtreams, fine buildings, elegant retreats, and all that riches, art, or taſte beſtow! Dearer to me, ah, dearer far is my lov'd native place; a little ſpot, ſimple and unadorn'd—without the aid of art, humble and plain; eſcapes the gen'ral eye; yet, if obſerv'd by all, none e'er would ſee or feel its charms like me.

That willow, that one ſimple willow, has for me more charms than all the groves or walks art could invent: That tree, and ev'ry little ſhrub I look upon, wakes in my mind ſome former pleaſing ſcene that long has been aſleep. Again I feel them all, and in imagination act them o'er anew. This was my native place, dear ſpot of juvenile delights: Here paſs'd my earlieſt, happieſt days, when moments flew on downy wings of innocence and joy; and, as I grew in years, it grew more dear to me.—Methinks each year did add a ſtring, a cord, that bound it nearer, firmer to my heart, and chain'd enjoyment here. And here, too, dwell my friends, my firſt, my neareſt friends; this is the band, the ſtrong, the ſilken band, that binds me here. We grew together, like the unfledg'd birds all in one neſt, under parental eye, nor had a thought or wish to try the world: here we firſt drew our breath, and here grew up together, ſo firm, ſo interwoven with each other, that, like our heart-ſtrings ſo attach'd, to break but one, then all muſt bleed; alas, and bleed we did; two lovely limbs were cropt from off the tree, yet ſpar'd the root, ſome of the branches ſpar'd, ſtill here to grow.—O may they ever bloom, bloom with verdure, and each returning year grow higher and higher, ſhooting forever upwards, may they riſe and meet again in thoſe bleſt climes, where root and branches never more will feel the ſeparating pang.

ELVINA.

For the LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

MORAL REFLECTION.

"What is there here to fill theſe vaſt deſires?
Should fancy all her dazzling ſcenes diſplay;
Our wiſhes unconfin'd would wander ſtill,
Beyond the limits of theſe narrow ſkies,
In ſearch of boundleſs and immortal joys."

THAT conſtant reſtleſſneſs and inquietude which are ever attendant on man, in every ſtation and ſituation in life, are a convincing proof that the objects of time and ſenſe, which engage much of his attention, are incapable of affording any real and ſolid ſatisfaction, and that the author of his exiſtence never intended that the happineſs of the immortal mind ſhould conſiſt in any thing ſhort of joys eternal.——Formed for immortality; formed to aſpire to joys beyond the limits of this narrow ſpace of time—with what pleaſure muſt thoſe, whoſe motives and conduct correſpond with the pure principles of piety and virtue, dwell on the ſoul-reviving idea, that, in a more exalted ſtate of exiſtence than the preſent, (where, even "our very wiſhes give us not our wiſh,") every wiſh which the mind of man can form, or in which his ſoul is capable of participating, ſhall then be realized, and boundleſs happineſs be theirs. When thoſe troubles, trials, and difficulties, which are the common lot of humanity, aſſail ſuch, with what peculiar propriety may they adopt and derive conſolation from the following beautiful language of the poet:—

"But I ſhall live again,
And ſtill on that ſweet hope ſhall my ſoul feed.
A medicine it is, that, with a touch,
Heals all the pains of life; a precious balm
That makes the tooth of ſorrow venomleſs,
And of her hornet ſting ſo keen diſarms
Cruel Adverſity."——

MENTOR.

Diversity.

ADVICE ON A TRIVIAL SUBJECT.

Two perſons meeting together in a narrow paſs-way, often embarraſs and ſeemingly inſult one another, while the moſt friendly complaiſance is mutually meant.

One ſkips aſide to give the other the way; and the other, as if both had received an electrical ſhock, ſkips in the ſame direction, ſo that they exactly meet and nearly ſtrike their heads together. Half confuſed by this diſaſter, they leap together to the other ſide of the way, and again meet, cheek by jowl. I have ſeen a lady and a gentleman dance this figure, till, in the words of Milton, "Confuſion became worſe confounded."

Now there is a ſure and eaſy way to avoid this embarraſſment: that is, whenever you perceive this ſkipping dance beginning, only *ſtand ſtill*, and let the other party paſs. [*Balance.*

THE wonderful propenſity of Europeans, to rob the Americans of the fame of having accompliſhed any thing great or glorious, puts us in mind of the following genuine anecdote: An Iriſh officer, ſeeing a beautiful picture ſketched on a wall in America, exclaimed, "it is a fine painting, to be ſure—but it was never done in America." "Oh ſir," ſaid his friend, "dont you ſee it is on a ſolid wall, and therefore muſt have been done in this country?" "Ah," replied he, "ſure I ſee that plain enough, but I only meant that the man who did it was never in America."

THE late Col. Ethan Allen had a high opinion of himſelf and his ſix brothers, and ſaid that there were never ſeven ſuch born of any woman. You miſtake, ſaid a Scotch officer, *Mary Magdalene* was delivered of *ſeven exactly like you.*

LITERARY NOTICE.

Propoſals are iſſued for publiſhing quarter-yearly, by ſubſcription, the *American Muſical Muſeum*, to contain a variety of vocal and inſtrumental muſic, calculated to mend the heart and intereſt the feelings.—Speculative and practical ſcience, ſelected from the beſt European authorities, ſimplified and made eaſy to every capacity—Copious extracts of muſical hiſtory and biography, from the beſt authors—Familiar introductions to and leſſons for every inſtrument, with a complete Dictionary of muſic, and muſical eſſays, critical and miſcellaneous.

Each number of the Muſeum will contain 32 large quarto pages of neatly printed muſic, and 72 18mo pages of handſome letter-preſs, on good fair paper. The price of each number to ſubſcribers, ſtitched in colored paper, will be 50 cents.

Subſcriptions for the above are received at the Bookſtore and Lottery-Office of Thomas and Whipple, Market-Square.

Hymeneal.

'Delightful ſtate! to whom alone is given,
'On earth, to antedate the joys of heaven.'

MARRIED]—In Newbury, Mr. William W. Little, of Salem, to Miſs Mary Little.——Mr. Paul Little, to Miſs Mehitable Lunt.

In this town, Mr. Benjamin Hale, of Boſton, to Mrs. Ann Goodhue.——Mr. Nathaniel Hervey, to Miſs Mary Plummer.

Obituary.

'Hope humbly then, with trembling pinions ſoar,
'Wait the great teacher, Death, and God adore!'

DIED]—In this town, Miſs Rebecca Tufts, aged 21.——Mary Jane Orne, aged 2 years, daughter of the late Capt. Wm. Orne.

On his paſſage from Norfolk to Jamaica, Benjamin H. Davis, aged 16.

PATRONAGE SOLICITED.

Subscriptions for the *Merrimack Magazine and Ladies' Literary Cabinet* are still ſolicited.—Future ſubſcribers may be ſupplied with numbers from the commencement of the publication. Sept. 21.

Poetry.

ORIGINAL.

For the LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

DEATH OF A BROTHER.

WELCOME, ye pleaſing ſcenes, ye ſafe retreats;
I've loſt a brother, beautiful and young;
Snatch'd from the fond embrace of parents dear,
And call'd to dwell in fairer worlds above.
He had but juſt began his race on earth;
The bud of genius juſt began to bloom;
When ſuddenly by death was call'd away,
And laid in ſilence in the peaceful tomb.
But can fond parents ever ceaſe to grieve?
Can brothers, or can ſiſters, thus bereav'd,
Forget the warning voice, which calls on them,
To be prepar'd, and wait to follow him?
Why are we pleas'd with earth, and earthly things?
Why do theſe gaudy ſhows delight us ſo?
When death, we know, ere long will ſurely come,
And lay our pride and glory in the duſt.
But, gracious heaven, be pleas'd to grant relief;
Suffuſe with living joy parental hearts;
And, though thou haſt remov'd a darling child,
Be thou their ſolace, hope, and final home.

HORATIO.

Auguſt, 1805.

For the LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

THOUGHTS ON SACRED MUSIC.

HARK! from yon church, where the aſſembling throng
Repair to pray, and pay the homage due
To heav'n's omniſcient, omnipreſent king,
Borne on the fanning breeze, what melting ſounds
Harmonious, now ſalute my liſt'ning ear,
And charm my ſoul.—Hail, Song divine! thy ſtrains,
Vibrating on the raptur'd ear of man,
His ſoul inſpires with adoration due;
To Him, and Him alone, who gives the pow'r
To waken thus the ſoul, and in the heart
To kindle, pure, devotion's fervent flame.

If ſuch the ſweet effect of mortal lays,
From lays angelic, when from earth we ſoar,
What bliſs extatic—tranſport how divine!
There hallelujahs to the great Three-One,
Through vaſt eternity, ſhall angels ſing,
And heav'n's high arch re-echo with the praiſe.

PHILO.

1803.

For the LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

THE PROFILE:

Addreſſed to Miſs —— ——, of ——.

THE Profile, frequent aid ſhall lend,
To call to mind the abſent friend:
And, ſince there's nought that can compare,
With charms which deck the virtuous fair,
Oft as I pleas'd and pain'd ſhall trace
The features of the lovely face,
Each mental charm ſhall riſe to view,
And captivate my heart anew.

HENRY.

Sept. 1805.

SELECTED.

THE PARTING.

OH, God! it is no very eaſy taſk!
To ſhake the hand, articulate 'adieu!'
When the ſoul's meaning ſpurns the ſpecious maſk,
And gives the laſt, laſt look, to ſpeechleſs feeling true;

For Friendſhip never could its ſenſe expreſs,
Nor warmer Love its pang of parting tell,
But oft the hand, extended to careſs
The lip of ſwerveleſs Faith, where loiters long—'farewel!'

Like coward flies—nor takes the grappling graſp
Of that cloſe, clinging, following fool—the Heart;
Nor yet Affection's wild and boſom claſp,
With kiſs of honey'd glue, that knows not how to part.

Yes! I have fled full oft, and ſmother'd with a ſmile,
A heart with anguiſh rent—weeping life-blood the while!

THE RETURN.

THE ſame keen ſenſe that barbs the pang to part,
Points the wild rapture when return draws nigh;
When boſoms beat to bliſs, warm heart to heart,
Hand grappling hand, and eye encount'ring eye.

The round tear ſliding down the burning cheek
In ſweet elyſium warp'd the ſpeechleſs powers:
Or eyes ſuffus'd, that eloquently ſpeak,
Shining like ſummer ſuns through May's ſoft ſhowers.

Then, then it is, that ſouls of purer fire,
Snatch the rare raptures ſacred to the few;
The clinging kiſs—the chat unknown to tire,
And bleſt embrace which dullards never knew.

Oh! let me not count life by days and years,
But ſmiles of ſweet *return*, through *ſeparation's* tears.

THE FIRST LESSON

OF A FATHER TO HIS SON AT A YEAR OLD.

BOY, love thy mother!—ſhe with tearful eye,
Reads the ſlow progreſs of thy op'ning mind;
Removes the cauſe of every infant ſigh,
And by her practice lures thee to be kind.

Boy, love thy mother! calm her beating heart
That throbs affectionate with care for thee;
Compoſe her anxious breaſt with playful art,
Preſs her ſoft lips, and prattle at her knee.

Boy, love thy mother! let thy liſping tongue,
In broken accents charm her wond'ring ear,
And when again upon her boſom hung,
Say, Oh, Mamma! I love, I love you dear.

Boy, love thy mother! the reflected rays
Will beam new luſtre o'er thy father's days:

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

SIR Hall and Lady Sneer were heard
Diſputing which had moſt regard;
Says Madam, "When I die, my love,
Your guardian angel I will prove,
And hover round you night and day,
Leſt you, my dear, ſhould *go aſtray!*"
"And I ſhall be ſo bleſt, my dear,"
Cried Spouſe, "beneath your *phantom* care,
That *ſpeedy as you pleaſe* my love,
You may my *Guardian Angel prove.*"

LEAVING THE COUNTRY IN AUTUMN.

THE peaceful village murmur fills mine ear,
Lo! the green vales aſſume a duſky hue!
The muſe reluctant marks the fading year,
And waſts to *ſcenes belov'd* a long adieu.

Soft ſmiling ſpring reſigns her fragrant bowers;
And ſummer's glowing garniture has fled,
The light wing'd zephyrs lead the roſeate hours,
Where temperate climes their genial influence ſhed.

Wak'd by the gentle harbinger of morn,
The ſighing winds ſweep o'er the ruſſet plain,
Yon cheerleſs red-breaſt leaves the pendant thorn,
And waits to *ſcenes belov'd* a parting ſtrain.

The wild note warbled to the ſilent grove,
The ſhepherd's cot (by artleſs fingers dreſs'd,)
Recall the glowing portraiture of love,
By memory cheriſh'd, and by time impreſs'd.

Where nature's faireſt lineaments are ſeen
The penſive ſeaſon lends a tranſient glow:
Deepens the vivid coloring of the green,
And tips with gold the variegated bough.

Through the dim foreſt ſolar radiance beams,
And light clouds wander o'er the burniſh'd ſky,
Whilſt in the purpled weſt, mild autumn gleams,
And ſheds on *ſcenes belov'd* a richer dye.

And oft as memory pours the reſluent lay,
Warm from the heart the hymn of praiſe is giv'n
To *Him*, who form'd the orient founts of day,
And guides, unſeen, the ſtarry hoſt of heaven.

Whilſt rapt devotion lights æthereal fire,
And incenſe riſes from her ſacred ſhrine,
Meek gratitude ſhall conſecrate the lyre,
And breathe to nature's God the hallowed line.

TO A LADY,

On receiving a Toy, which had belonged to a departed friend.

THE lighteſt gift that friendſhip makes,
A brittle ſhell, a fading flow'r,
From her ſoft touch a value takes
Above the dreams of wealth and pow'r.

But if the ſhell, the flow'r, were known
In ſcenes of bliſs too fair to laſt,
They boaſt a magic all their own,
And give exiſtence to the paſt.

Alas, each blended charm endears,
To *my* fond heart, this ſimple toy,
Beſtow'd by her my ſoul reveres,
Memorial of departed joy.

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